heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele haue't to morrow night, you could for need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen lines, or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe and inſert in't: could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to *Elſonours*. *Exeunt Pol. and Players,*

Roſ. Good my Lord. *Exit.*

Ham. I ſo, God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and peſant ſlaue am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of paſſion
Could force his ſoule ſo to his owne conceit
That from her working all the viſage wand,
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voyce, and his whole function ſuting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*.
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he ſhould weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for paſſion
That I haue? he would drowne the ſtage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,
Like *Iohn*-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whoſe property and moſt deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a croſſe,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the noſe, giues me the lie i'th throate
As deepe as to the lunges: who does me this,
Hah! ſ'wounds I ſhould take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lacke gall

To make oppreſſion bitter, or ere t
I ſhould haue fatted all the region
With this ſlaues offall, bloody, ba
Remorſeleſſe, treacherous, letcher
Why what an Aſſe am I? this is m
That I the ſonne of a deere father
Prompted to my reuenge by heau
Muſt like a whore vnpack my hear
And fall a curſing like a very drab
About my braines, hum, I haue h
That guilty creatures ſitting at a p
Haue by the very cunning of the ſ
Beene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that
They haue proclaim'd their malef
For murther though it haue no to
With moſt miraculous organ. Ile
Play ſomthing like the murther o
Before mine Vncle, Ile obſerue hi
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a do
I know my courſe. The ſpirit tha
May be a diuell, and the diuell ha
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea an
Out of my weakeneſſe and my m
As hee is very potent with ſuch ſp
Abuſes mee to damne mee; Ile ha
More relatiue then this, the play'
Wherein Ile catch the conſcience

Enter King, Queene, Polonius,
denſterne

King. And can you by no drif
Get from him why hee puts on th
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes o
With turbulent and dangerous l
Roſ He dooes confeſſe he feel
But from what cauſe a will by no
Guyl. Nor do wee find him forw
But with a crafty madnes keepes
When we would bring him on t

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